

More Than Meets the Eye

by BookWinchester

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Summary: When a not so innocent game turns into a violent murder, Jace wants out. Although, when a task involved leads to him meeting Clary Fray, he might just play a little longer - maybe. But will he be able to deal with the lies, secrets and deaths that come with wanting a girl like her?

1. Chapter 1: Introduction

**Good Morning/Afternoon, guys! I've been wanting to write this fanfiction for ages but I've never had the energy to get started on such a huge project and so I've been piling up chapter ideas and plot ideas etc., for this in my head. But today I've decided to set them into the wilderness and see what happens. **

Recommended Playlist:

Bones â€“ MS MR

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><p>Jace tapped his pen repeatedly and rapidly against his desk to a random tune earning him dirty looks from those around him. But he couldn't care less â€“ he was too wrapped up in his own problems to possibly consider those of the people near him. It would be an underestimation to say he was anxious, right now he felt like, in the best case situation, he was going to explode from the overwhelming stress.</p>

Today he'd arrived at school determined quit_ 'The Alphabet Challenge' _as Sebastian Verlac, the creator, liked to call it. The challenge involves a list of dares/challenges, each starting with the 26 letters of the alphabet, with one dare being competed by each boy and every one to two weeks. When the dare is revealed bets will be placed on who will fail and who will win. The person who completes

the most challenges by the end of the alphabet wins a hell of a lot of money. And like an alcoholic to a bottle of wine or drug addict to a bag of cocaine, Jace had been almost addicted to the game since he was 13. Almost. He had lost all interest in participating when a player, Raphael Santiago, had been brutally murdered outside their club room. This was all the convincing he needed to quit. But it wasn't that simple. Even though his adoptive parents were undeniably loaded, his father seemed to rely on the money Jace got from it. He knew that what ever Robert did for a living either had to be extremely dangerous or extremely sketchy and Jace was 100% it was the latter since at school he and his siblings had to go by the last name Monroe even though they all knew that very well wasn't their last name. He didn't know their real last name. Even more so, Jace had been playing detective when he was younger doing everything he possibly could to unravel the mystery that was his adoptive father and around the time he was getting close to (or at least he thought close to) finding out Roberts secrets, Robert had introduced him to Sebastian and within 3 hours Jace was playing his game. These days, Jace was starting to think that maybe it wasn't such a coincidence after all. Maybe Robert didn't want anyone digging into his past.

Jace was snapped out of his thoughts by the shrilling of the bell sounding the end of the day. Quicker than humanly possible, he sped out of his English room earning him another not so subtle glare from his teacher. Weaving through the crowd of high schoolers proved to be more than difficult (especially on a Friday) than he imagined but he managed to make it there in a ground-breaking 8 minutes which he considered great considering the room was at the very back of the school. The room had once been a large art room but after a fire accident the room was no longer in use- by teachers that is. Now, it had been redecorated with suave furnishing and was practically a hotel.

Jace stood outside the room and took a minute to gather his thoughts. I can do this, he thought, I'll walk right up to Sebastian and tell him I'm done. I'm the God of this school, I'm scared of nothing. And with that he pushed open the door.

****So, I know this is incredibly short but to be honest, I don't know if I will continue with the fanfiction so please leave me a review and (maybe even a follow) to let me know whether you enjoyed it or not. ****

****Hugs and Kisses,****

****BookWinchester****

2. Chapter 2: A

****Good morning/afternoon guys! After re-reading my last chapter (and a very helpful review by BrunetteAngel12) I've realised that it was MUCH shorter than I thought so I've written this chapter as a surprise but I probably won't be able to update for the next few days because I'm going to... Rome! Any who, I hope you enjoy this chapter.****

Recommended Playlist:

Intro â€“ alt-J

Salty Sweet â€“ MS MR

Six Billion â€“ Nothing But Thieves

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><p>JACE POV</p>

"Dude, you're like 10 minutes late," Sebastian announced seeming agitated â€“ or more agitated than he normally was. The room was incredibly dark despite the fact that it was midday and heavy smoke clouded the room, making it impossible for Jace to see the other players clearly but he could tell that this year there was going to be more players than last time. The one person he did recognise was Sebastian â€“ his raven black hair seemed to stand out in the darkness and his aura of confidence made him stick out like a sore thumb.

Jace walked further into the room to stand right in front of Sebastian and with as much venom he could muster, he replied "Sorry, Sebastian but your club isn't really one of my top priorities right now -"

"And what, screwing Aline in the janitor's closet is?" He interrupted, cocking his head to the side innocently. Sebastian almost always seemed to have a snarky reply for everything.

"Look man, I didn't come here to fight."

"Of course you didn't. You came here to play," he drew out the word play obviously referring to something else. It was only then Jace noticed the tense atmosphere. "Are we done now? Because I would really like to get started. Unless there's something else you'd like to say?" Sebastian questioned. The question was simple, but with Sebastian there always seemed to be a hidden message. Always.

"No. Let's just get this over with."

If it was anyone else Jace would've continued and fought for his opinion to the death but with Sebastian it was dangerous to not let him get his way. Sure, Jace was rich. Everyone who played was. But Sebastian was different. Sebastian's father was the CEO of Verlac & Co., a protection agency for the rich, famous and wanted. He had power and influence over everyone and everything- If Sebastian wanted something, he got it.

With a hint of swagger in his step, Sebastian strolled around the room lighting candles of various shapes and sizes. Jace imagined there had to be about 35 in total. Slowly but surely, the room became brighter and Jace could tell Sebastian had been doing some renovating but aside from that there were six boys wearing black, thick blindfolds all facing him. Why so many players?, he thought. Sebastian took a seat in one of the eight oxblood red love seats that surrounded the new boys. Loudly and obnoxiously, Sebastian cleared his throat and all six heads snapped up. Jace had always hated this part. Sebastian invited his contestants anonymously and so nobody had any clue as to what they were about to get into. In a way, he found it to be cruel.

"Gentlemen! Please remove your blindfolds and take a look around." Sebastian ordered. Jace recognised the faces of the guests almost instantly much to his displeasure and to his satisfaction. At least if he had to do this again he wouldn't be doing it alone. He scanned the faces from left to right. The first player was Jonathan Morgenstern. Jonathan had been playing for what Jace thought was the beginning yet he seemed to be quivering in his boots " scared " but Jace couldn't really be surprised. Jonathan had a representation for being the school's flower boy. Next up was Simon Lewis. Jace didn't know much about Simon but he did know that he was a geek and practically in love with his sister. But the face the surprised him the most was his brother's. Alec. What the hell is he doing here!, The golden boy thought. There was no way someone like Alec would be caught dead in a place like this. After Alec was Jordan Kyle, a fellow soccer player on the schools team.

"Why are we here?" Simon questioned, his voice small but determined.

"Well I was about to get to that, Rat Face" Sebastian replied clearly not impressed. He begin explaining the rules- a speech Jace and Jonathan had to listen to every year but hopefully this will be the last time they hear it. Hopefully.

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><p>CLARY POV</p>

Clary strolled down the hall towards an art room with her new friend, Isabelle Monroe, talking animatedly by her side. To Clary, Isabelle seemed to always be talking about something whether that was her newest Gucci handbag or Aline Penhallow's Gucci handbag that was so last year according to the raven haired girl. But she knew she was lucky to have someone like Izzy to guide her. Isabelle seemed to know everyone and was known by everyone so she figured that if she wanted to make a few friends at Greenwood High Izzy was the perfect person to start with. Although they were complete opposites.

As they rounded the corner towards the art room, Izzy spoke up, "Clary! Are you even listening! I'm here spilling out my heart and you cant even be bothered to pay attention" She complained. The halls were so quiet Izzy's voice bounced off the walls and echoed down the hall, notifying everyone of Isabelle's presence. From what Clary had learned from being friends with Izzy, the girls voice could sound akin to an angels - when she wanted it to. But it could also sound impossibly annoying and impossibly loud. She gasped causing Clary to stop.

"What now?" she asked.

Isabelle smirked in a way only Isabelle could smirk- a smirk that seemed to say 'I know all your secrets' and this scared Clary to death. If anyone managed to find out about the things she'd done, about the things she'd witnessed, she couldn't begin imagine what would happen. The very reason she hadn't been to school (let alone outside her house) in 11 years was because of the trauma she had suffered at the young age of five. It was a mind numbing experience that she wouldn't force upon even her worst enemies.

"Maybe the reason you're not paying attention to my heart is because you're too occupied with your own?". Clary didn't respond. "Oh my god! I knew it! Who is he?"

"I don't know."

"What do you mean 'you don't know'?"

The truth was, Clary had no idea who it was- she wasn't even sure if she actually liked the person but she sure did love his face. She had noticed him leaving their English room and hadn't been able to get his face - or what she managed to see of it- out of her head since. Everything about him was golden, golden, golden and she would have loved to draw him. Maybe even paint him. But art was a hobby she'd given up long ago; it brought up too many memories of a particular incident she would rather keep buried. Clary stayed silent much to Isabelle's dismay.

As they came to nearing the art room the sound of raised voices and hands slamming on tables brought both the girls out of their conversation. Clary came to the conclusion that it wasn't a few art teachers having a heated argument over the best marker brand** (A/N: Which is obviously Copic)** after hearing some of the words that were being said leading her to think of the worse case situation. Someone was going to be killed. Of course, that wasn't really the most obvious conclusion but after the rumours Isabelle had told her about a boy being murdered, Clary didn't want to draw out the possibility.

They shared a look, both understanding what they needed to do. Hesitantly, Clary pushed open the door almost as if she were in a horror movie and the killer was behind the door but what she saw was much worse.

Green met green as Jonathan, her older brother, raised his eyes to meet her questioning eyes. She looked around the room (which looked more and more like a man cave the more she looked around). There were six boys, some she recognised and some she didn't, all standing around a table with angry expressions decorating their faces. Her eyes focused and widened on the large amount of cash that was stacked up on the table. It had to be at least over a million. Were they gambling? Clary knew her brother like the back of her hand. He liked traveling and nature documentaries and astrology so what the hell was he doing gambling? Many other eyes had turned to them including a pair of golden ones. Golden. It's the boy from earlier but who is he? , she thought.

"Clary?" Jonathan asked at the same time Isabelle said, "Alec? Jace?". A black haired boy with deep blue eyes that was obviously her brother looked at Izzy along with the golden boy. The room's atmosphere seemed to become more tense than it was before. It was clear that whatever the two girls had walked in on wasn't good so Clary did what she thought was the best solution to an unknown problem. She grabbed Isabelle's arm and ran.

* * *

><p>JACE POV</p>

Well shit. Everyone was lost for words. Whether that was because of

the girls abrupt arrival or their abrupt exit, Jace didn't know but what he did know was that they needed to do something about those girls and quickly. He knew Izzy and a secret that Izzy knew would no longer be a secret within 48 hours of telling her, but he didn't know her friend. Although, he would like to get to know her. Jace thought she was beautiful and he didn't tend to think of girls as beautiful. Normally he thought they were hot or average at best but Clary was... absolutely stunning.

He was snapped out of his thoughts by the sound of Sebastian shouting.

"Well what are we gonna do now?" He started, "Do you absolute idiots think we can just come out and tell them what we were doing with all that money!" Sebastian was scary on a normal day but right now he was frightening. The look on his face made Jace think that Sebastian had just snapped or he belonged in a horror film about a mental patient gone crazy. He paced around the room mumbling incoherently and all eyes followed him.

" If anyone of you bastards has an idea on how to fix this, I suggest you speak now" he ordered.

Surprisingly, Jonathan answered, " W-well I could talk t-t-to-"

Sebastian walked scarily slowly towards Jonathan, stood impossibly close and whispered (but loud enough for everyone to hear) sinisterly "If you have something to say please say it clearly or I swear I will make your life a living hell."

"I could talk to Clary and Alec and Jace could talk to Isabelle." Jonathan was so pale Jace thought he was going to faint but he stood his ground. The atmosphere seemed to get incredibly lighter as Sebastian nodded his approval and walked back to his seat with an almost toothy grin on his face. Whatever he was thinking couldn't be pleasant.

"Well, now that that's settled lets go back to the announcing the challenge. Jace, if you would do the honours."

Jace grabbed a black envelope from the table, opened it and read monotonously , " Todays letter is A. The task is to **Acquire the help of a loser, nerd or freak to assist you during this years challenges**. You have an hour starting tomorrow at 9:00 to pick your partner. Rules â€“ whoever you pick cant be related to you in any way. Good Luck! ". What the hell? Sebastian always surprised Jace with the challenges but never had he ever decided to give them partners. Hadn't he always mentioned how dangerous it was to share the game with outsiders?

The room was deathly silent. Sebastian got a phone call and left. Everyone stayed sitting. How did I get myself into this, he thought. But, there was no going back now and in a spur of the moment decision he decided that he may as well take advantage of the situation and work with the only person that he would ever want to work with â€“ Clary Fray.

* * *

><p>Hopefully this chapter is better than the last but ill try and write longer chapters as time goes on. Also, I think im going to die from the stess of having to find those line breaks :(Please review, follow and favourite if you want!

Hugs and Kisses,

BookWinchester

End
file.